INTERNATIONAL POETRY
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THE MILL GARDEN

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Midsummer Holiday and Other Poems*, by Algernon Charles Swinburne

Stately stand the sunflowers, glowing down the garden-side,
Ranged in royal rank arow along the warm grey wall,
Whence their deep disks burn at rich midnoon afire with pride,
Even as though their beams indeed were sunbeams, and the tall
Sceptral stems bore stars whose reign endures, not flowers that fall.
Lowlier laughs and basks the kindlier flower of homelier fame,
Held by love the sweeter that it blooms in Shakespeare's name,
Fragrant yet as though his hand had touched and made it thrill,
Like the whole world's heart, with warm new life and gladdening flame.
Fair befall the fair green close that lies below the mill!

Softlier here the flower-soft feet of refluent seasons glide,
Lightlier breathes the long low note of change's gentler call.
Wind and storm and landslip feed the lone sea's gulf outside,
Half a seamew's first flight hence; but scarce may these appal
Peace, whose perfect seal is set for signet here on all.
Steep and deep and sterile, under fields no plough can tame,
Dip the cliffs full-fledged with poppies red as love or shame,
Wide wan daisies bleak and bold, or herbage harsh and chill;
Here the full clove pinks and wallflowers crown the love they claim.
Fair befall the fair green close that lies below the mill!

All the place breathes low, but not for fear lest ill betide,
Soft as roses answering roses, or a dove's recall.
Little heeds it how the seaward banks may stoop and slide,
How the winds and years may hold all outer things in thrall,
How their wrath may work on hoar church tower and boundary wall.
Far and wide the waste and ravin of their rule proclaim
Change alone the changeless lord of things, alone the same:
Here a flower is stronger than the winds that work their will,
Or the years that wing their way through darkness toward their aim.
Fair befall the fair green close that lies below the mill!

Friend, the home that smiled us welcome hither when we came,
When we pass again with summer, surely should reclaim
Somewhat given of heart's thanksgiving more than words fulfil--
More than song, were song more sweet than all but love, might frame.
Fair befall the fair green close that lies below the mill!

SEVEN TO BED

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Aquarium*, by Harold Acton

The sentries in their boxes,
 Like rigid dolls of wood,
In saffron-yellow tunics
 Lethargically stood.

The shower had not finished
 And still her threaded tears
Fell down like little seconds
 Across the flight of years.

The pavement was a mirror
 Which caught the jets of light,
The twinkling strings of jewels
 That pour from lamps at night.

Suffused among the turrets
A solitary bird
Imprisoned in its feathers
A music faint and blurred....

In bed, I heard the creeping,
The rippling drum of rain
And watched the twilight falling
Upon the window pane.

AVILA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by George Santayana

Again my feet are on the fragrant moor
Amid the purple uplands of Castile,
Realm proudly desolate and nobly poor,
Scorched by the sky's inexorable zeal.

Wide desert where a diadem of towers
Above Adaja hems a silent town,
And locks, unmindful of the mocking hours,
Her twenty temples in a granite crown.

The shafts of fervid light are in the sky,
And in my heart the mysteries of yore.
Here the sad trophies of my spirit lie:
These dead fulfilled my destiny before.

Like huge primeval stones that strew this plain,
Their nameless sorrows sink upon my breast,
And like this ardent sky their cancelled pain
Smiles at my grief and quiets my unrest.

For here hath mortal life from age to age
Endured the silent hand that makes and mars,
And, sighing, taken up its heritage
Beneath the smiling and inhuman stars.

Still o'er this town the crested castle stands,
A nest for storks, as once for haughty souls,
Still from the abbey, where the vale expands,
The curfew for the long departed tolls,

Wafting some ghostly blessing to the heart
From prayer of nun or silent Capuchin,

To heal with balm of Golgotha the smart
 Of weary labour and distracted sin.

What fate has cast me on a tide of time
 Careless of joy and covetous of gold,
What force compelled to weave the pensive rhyme
 When loves are mean, and faith and honour old,

When riches crown in vain men's sordid lives,
 And learning chokes a mind of base degree?
What winged spirit rises from their hives?
 What heart, revolting, ventures to be free?

Their pride will sink and more ignobly fade
 Without memorial of its hectic fire.
What altars shall survive them, where they prayed?
 What lovely deities? What riven lyre?

Tarry not, pilgrim, but with inward gaze
 Pass daily, musing, where their prisons are,
And o'er the ocean of their babble raise
 Thy voice in greeting to thy changeless star.

Abroad a tumult, and a ruin here;
 Nor world nor desert hath a home for thee.
Out of the sorrows of the barren year
 Build thou thy dwelling in eternity.

Let patience, faith's wise sister, be thy heaven,
 And with high thoughts necessity alloy.
Love is enough, and love is ever given,
 While fleeting days bring gift of fleeting joy.

The little pleasures that to catch the sun
 Bubble a moment up from being's deep,
The glittering sands of passion as they run,
 The merry laughter and the happy sleep,--

These are the gems that, like the stars on fire,
 Encrust with glory all our heaven's zones;
Each shining atom, in itself entire,
 Brightens the galaxy of sister stones,

Dust of a world that crumbled when God's dream
 To throbbing pulses broke the life of things,
And mingled with the void the scattered gleam
 Of many orbs that move in many rings,

Perchance at last into the parent sun

To fall again and reunite their rays,
When God awakes and gathers into one
The light of all his loves and all his days.

DEMETER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Hymen*, by Hilda Doolittle

I

Men, fires, feasts,
steps of temple, fore-stone, lintel,
step of white altar, fire and after-fire,
slaughter before,
fragment of burnt meat,
deep mystery, grapple of mind to reach
the tense thought,
power and wealth, purpose and prayer alike,
(men, fires, feasts, temple steps)--useless.

Useless to me who plant
wide feet on a mighty plinth,
useless to me who sit,
wide of shoulder, great of thigh,
heavy in gold, to press
gold back against solid back
of the marble seat:
useless the dragons wrought on the arms,
useless the poppy-buds and the gold inset
of the spray of wheat.

Ah they have wrought me heavy
and great of limb--
she is slender of waist,
slight of breast, made of many fashions;
they have set _her_ small feet
on many a plinth;
she they have known,
she they have spoken with,
she they have smiled upon,
she they have caught
and flattered with praise and gifts.

But useless the flattery
of the mighty power
they have granted me:
for I will not stay in her breast

the great of limb,
though perfect the shell they have
fashioned me, these men!

Do I sit in the market place--
do I smile, does a noble brow
bend like the brow of Zeus--
am I a spouse, his or any,
am I a woman, or goddess or queen,
to be met by a god with a smile--and left?

II

Do you ask for a scroll,
parchment, oracle, prophecy, precedent;
do you ask for tablets marked with thought
or words cut deep on the marble surface,
do you seek measured utterance or the mystic trance?

Sleep on the stones of Delphi--
dare the ledges of Pallas
but keep me foremost,
keep me before you, after you, with you,
never forget when you start
for the Delphic precipice,
never forget when you seek Pallas
and meet in thought
yourself drawn out from yourself
like the holy serpent,
never forget
in thought or mysterious trance--
I am greatest and least.

Soft are the hands of Love,
soft, soft are his feet;
you who have twined myrtle,
have you brought crocuses,
white as the inner
stript bark of the osier,
have you set
black crocus against the black
locks of another?

III

Of whom do I speak?

Many the children of gods
but first I take
Bromios, fostering prince,
lift from the ivy brake, a king.

Enough of the lightning,
enough of the tales that speak
of the death of the mother:
strange tales of a shelter
brought to the unborn,
enough of tale, myth, mystery, precedent--
a child lay on the earth asleep.

Soft are the hands of Love,
but what soft hands
clutched at the thorny ground,
scratched like a small white ferret
or foraging whippet or hound,
sought nourishment and found
only the crackling of ivy,
dead ivy leaf and the white
berry, food for a bird,
no food for this who sought,
bending small head in a fever,
whining with little breath.

Ah, small black head,
ah, the purple ivy bush,
ah, berries that shook and spilt
on the form beneath,
who begot you and left?

Though I begot no man child
all my days,
the child of my heart and spirit,
is the child the gods desert
alike and the mother in death--
the unclaimed Dionysios.

IV

_What of her--
mistress of Death?_

Form of a golden wreath
were my hands that girt her head,
fingers that strove to meet,
and met where the whisps escaped

from the fillet, of tenderest gold,
small circlet and slim
were my fingers then.

Now they are wrought of iron
to wrest from earth
secrets; strong to protect,
strong to keep back the winter
when winter tracks too soon
blanch the forest:
strong to break dead things,
the young tree, drained of sap,
the old tree, ready to drop,
to lift from the rotting bed
of leaves, the old
crumbling pine tree stock,
to heap bole and knot of fir
and pine and resinous oak,
till fire shatter the dark
and hope of spring
rise in the hearts of men.

_What of her--
mistress of Death--
what of his kiss?_

Ah, strong were his arms to wrest
slight limbs from the beautiful earth,
young hands that plucked the first
buds of the chill narcissus,
soft fingers that broke
and fastened the thorny stalk
with the flower of wild acanthus.

Ah, strong were the arms that took
(ah evil, the heart and graceless,)
but the kiss was less passionate!

ACTEA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf*, by Rennell Rodd

When the last bitterness was past, she bore
 Her singing Cæsar to the Garden Hill,
Her fallen pitiful dead emperor.
She lifted up the beggar's cloak he wore

--The one thing living he would not kill--
And on those lips of his that sang no more,
That world-loathed head which she found lovely still,
Her cold lips closed, in death she had her will.

Oh wreck of the lost human soul left free
To gorge the beast thy mask of manhood screened!
Because one living thing, albeit a slave,
Shed those hot tears on thy dishonoured grave,
Although thy curse be as the shoreless sea,
Because she loved, thou art not wholly fiend.

1881.

CITÉ DES VAISSEAUX

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poèmes* de Walt Whitman

Cité des vaisseaux!
(O les vaisseaux noirs! O les vaisseaux farouches!
O les splendides vapeurs et voiliers à la proue effilée!)
Cité du monde! (car ici confluent toutes les races,
Ici tous les pays de la terre collaborent);
Cité de la mer! Cité des flux précipités et chatoyants!
Cité dont les flots joyeux accourent ou dévalent sans
cesse, entrant et sortant en tourbillons semés de
remous et d'écume!
Cité des quais de marchandises et des magasins--cité
des façades géantes de marbre et de fer!
Cité fière et passionnée--cité fougueuse, folle, extravagante!
Debout, ô cité--tu n'es pas faite seulement pour la
paix, mais sois vraiment toi-même, sois guerrière!
N'aie pas peur--ne te soumets à nul autre modèle que
les tiens, ô cité!
Regarde-moi--incarne-moi comme je t'ai incarnée!
Je n'ai rien rejeté de ce que tu m'as offert,--ceux que
tu as adoptés je les ai adoptés,
Bonne ou mauvaise je ne te discute jamais--je chéris
tout--je ne condamne rien,
Je chante et célèbre tout ce qui est tien--cependant
je ne chante plus la paix:
En paix, j'ai chanté la paix, mais à présent le tambour
de guerre est mon instrument,
Et la guerre, la guerre rouge, est le chant que je vais
chantant par tes rues, ô cité!

VÉNUS ANADYOMÈNE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poésies complètes*, by Arthur Rimbaud

Comme d'un cercueil vert en fer-blanc, une tête
De femme à cheveux bruns fortement pommadés
D'une vieille baignoire émerge, lente et bête,
Montrant des déficits assez mal ravaudés;

Puis le col gras et gris, les larges omoplates
Qui saillent; le dos court qui rentre et qui ressort.
--La graisse sous la peau paraît en feuilles plates;
Et les rondeurs des reins semblent prendre l'essor...

L'échine est un peu rouge, et le tout sent un goût
Horrible étrangement,--on remarque surtout
Des singularités qu'il faut voir à la loupe...

Les reins portent deux mots gravés: _Clara Vénus_
--Et tout ce corps remue et tend sa large croupe
Belle hideusement d'un ulcère à l'anus.

27 juillet 1870.

Á ROOSEVELT

Don Rubén Darío

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Modern Spanish Lyrics*, by Various

Es con voz de la Biblia ó verso de Walt Whitman
Que habría que llegar hasta ti, ¡cazador!
Primitivo y moderno, sencillo y complicado,
Con un algo de Wáshington y mucho de Nemrod.
Eres los Estados Unidos,
Eres el futuro invasor
De la América ingenua que tiene sangre indígena,
Que aun reza á Jesucristo y aun habla en español.

Eres soberbio y fuerte ejemplar de tu raza;
Eres culto, eres hábil; te opones á Tolstoy.
Y domando caballos ó asesinando tigres,
Eres un Alejandro Nabucodonosor.
(Eres un profesor de Energía
Como dicen los locos de hoy.)

Crees que la vida es incendio,
Que el progreso es erupción,
Que en donde pones la bala

El porvenir pones.
No.
Los Estados Unidos son potentes y grandes.
Cuando ellos se estremecen hay un hondo temblor
Que pasa por las vértebras enormes de los Andes.
Si clamáis, se oye como el rugir de un león.
Ya Hugo á Grant lo dijo: «Las estrellas son vuestras.»
(Apenas brilla alzándose el argentino sol
Y la estrella chilena se levanta...) Sois ricos;
Juntáis al culto de Hércules el culto de Mamnón;
Y alumbrando el camino de la fácil conquista,0
La Libertad levanta su antorcha en Nueva York.

Mas la América nuestra que tenía poetas
Desde los viejos tiempos de Netzhualcoyolt,
Que ha guardado las huellas de los pies del gran Baco,
Que el alfabeto pánico en un tiempo aprendió,
Que consultó los astros, que conoció la atlántida
Cuyo nombre nos llega resonando en Platón,
Que desde los remotos momentos de su vida
Vive de luz, de fuego, de perfume y de amor,
La América del grande Moctezuma, del Inca,
La América fragante de Cristóbal Colón,
La América católica, la América española,
La América en que dijo el noble Guatemoc:
«Yo no estoy en un lecho de rosas»; esa América
Que tiembla de huracanes y que vive de amor,
Hombres de ojos sajones y alma bárbara, vive
Y sueña. Y ama y vibra; y es la hija del Sol.
Tened cuidado. ¡Vive la América española!
Hay mil cachorros sueltos del león español.
Se necesitaría, Roosevelt, ser Dios mismo,
El Riflero terrible y el fuerte cazador,
Para poder tenernos en vuestras férreas garras.

Y, pues contáis con todo, falta una cosa: ¡Dios!

VENECIA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *20 Poemas*, by Oliverio Girondo

Se respira una brisa de tarjeta postal.

¡Terrazas! Góndolas con ritmos de cadera. Fachadas que reintegran
tapices persas en el agua. Remos que no terminan nunca de llorar.

El silencio hace gárgaras en los umbrales, arpegia un “pizzicato” en las amarras, roe el misterio de las casas cerradas.

Al pasar debajo de los puentes, uno aprovecha para ponerse colorado.

Bogan en la Laguna, “dandys” que usan un lacrimatorio en el bolsillo con todas las iridiscencias del canal, mujeres que han traído sus labios de Viena y de Berlín para saborear una carne de color aceituna, y mujeres que sólo se alimentan de pétalos de rosa, tienen las manos incrustadas de ojos de serpiente, y la quijada fatal de las heroínas d’Annunzianas.

¡Cuando el sol incendia la ciudad, es obligatorio ponerse un alma de Nerón!

En los “piccoli canali” los gondoleros fornican con la noche, anunciando su espasmo con un triste cantar, mientras la luna engorda, como en cualquier parte, su mofletudo visaje de portera.

Yo dudo que aun en esta ciudad de sensualismo, existan falos más llamativos, y de una erección más precipitada, que la de los badajos del “campanile” de San Marcos.

LODGING WITH THE OLD MAN OF THE STREAM

Po Chü-I
[_A.D. 820_]

Men’s hearts love gold and jade;
Men’s mouths covet wine and flesh.
Not so the old man of the stream;
He drinks from his gourd and asks nothing more.
South of the stream he cuts firewood and grass;
North of the stream he has built wall and roof.
Yearly he sows a single acre of land;
In spring he drives two yellow calves.
In these things he finds great repose;
Beyond these he has no wish or care.
By chance I met him walking by the water-side;
He took me home and lodged me in his thatched hut.
When I parted from him, to seek market and Court,
This old man asked my rank and pay.

Doubting my tale, he laughed loud and long:
"Privy Councillors do not sleep in barns."

HEARING THAT HIS FRIEND WAS COMING BACK FROM THE WAR

Wang Chien
[_c. A.D. 830_]

In old days those who went to fight
In three years had one year's leave.
But in _this_ war the soldiers are never changed;
They must go on fighting till they die on the battle-field.
I thought of you, so weak and indolent,
Hopelessly trying to learn to march and drill.
That a young man should ever come home again
Seemed about as likely as that the sky should fall.
Since I got the news that you were coming back,
Twice I have mounted to the high hall of your home.
I found your brother mending your horse's stall;
I found your mother sewing your new clothes.
I am half afraid; perhaps it is not true;
Yet I never weary of watching for you on the road.
Each day I go out at the City Gate
With a flask of wine, lest you should come thirsty.
Oh that I could shrink the surface of the World,
So that suddenly I might find you standing at my side.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *More Translations from the Chinese*, by Various

THE GOBLET.

Albert Mockel
The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Contemporary Belgian Poetry*, by Various,
Translated by Jethro Bithell

Every hand that touches me I greet
With kisses welcoming, caresses sweet.

Thus in my crystal's naked beauty, I--
With nothing save a little gold as on my lips a dye--
Give myself wholly to the mouth unknown
That seeks the burning of my own.

Queen of joy,--queen and slave,--

Mistress that taken passes on again,
Mocking the love she throws to still
Desire, I have blown madness at my pleasure's will
To the four winds that rave.

Say you that I am vain?
List!
I am feeble, scarcely I exist ...
Yet listen: for I can be everything.

This mouth, that never any kiss could close,
Capriciously in subtle fires it blows,
The jewelled garlands of a shadowy blossoming.

Tulip of gold or ruby, dense
Corolla of dark purple opulence,
Stem of a lilial diamond
Flowered upon a limpid pond
That nothing save the beak of wood-doves troubles,
I am sparkling, I am singing,--and I laugh to see,
Ascending in this colourless soul of me,
As might a dream, a thousand iridescent bubbles.

For the lover drunken on my lips that burn,
Whether he pour in turn
The wines of gold and flame or love's wave to my rim,
Drinks from my soul for ever strange to him
A queenly splendour or the radiance of the skies,
Or fury scorching where the harmful ruby lies
In the bitter counsel of my jealous topazes.

And, tears or joy, delirium, daring drunkenness,
From all this passion that to his is married
Nothing of me will gush unto his arid
Lips, save the simple and the limpid light
Whose gleam is wedded to my empty chalice.

What matter? I have given Desire his cloudland palace,
And on my courtesan's bare breast
Love lets the hope of his diaphanous flight
Languish, and softly rest ...
And I laugh, the fragile, frivolous sister of Eve!
For me in nights of madness drunken hands upheave
Higher than all foreheads to the constellated skies,
And then I am the sudden star of lies,
That into troubled joys darts deep its radiant gleam--
The sweet, perfidious happiness of Dream.

SONG.--O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL

Project Gutenberg's *Poems And Songs Of* Robert Burns

Tune--“My love is lost to me.”

O, were I on Parnassus hill,
Or had o' Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel',
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee,
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een--
By Heaven and Earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame:
And aye I muse and sing thy name--
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then--and then I love thee!

THE BULL

Ralph Hodgson

See an old unhappy bull,
Sick in soul and body both,
Slouching in the undergrowth
Of the forest beautiful,
Banished from the herd he led,
Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go
Up and down the burning sky;

Tree-top cats purr drowsily
In the dim-day green below;
And troops of monkeys, nutting, some,
All disputing, go and come;

And things abominable sit
Picking offal buck or swine,
On the mess and over it
Burnished flies and beetles shine,
And spiders big as bladders lie
Under hemlocks ten foot high;

And a dotted serpent curled
Round and round and round a tree,
Yellowing its greenery,
Keeps a watch on all the world,
All the world and this old bull
In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came:
One he led, a bull of blood
Newly come to lustihood,
Fought and put his prince to shame,
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,
Left him there without a lick,
Left him for the birds to pick,
Left him there for carrion,
Vilely from their bosom cast
Wisdom, worth and love at last.

When the lion left his lair
And roared his beauty through the hills,
And the vultures pecked their quills
And flew into the middle air,
Then this prince no more to reign
Came to life and lived again,

He snuffed the herd in far retreat,
He saw the blood upon the ground,
And snuffed the burning airs around
Still with beevish odours sweet,
While the blood ran down his head
And his mouth ran slaver red.

Pity him, this fallen chief,
All his splendour, all his strength,

All his body's breadth and length
Dwindled down with shame and grief,
Half the bull he was before,
Bones and leather, nothing more.

See him standing dewlap-deep
In the rushes at the lake,
Surly, stupid, half asleep,
Waiting for his heart to break
And the birds to join the flies
Feasting at his bloodshot eyes,--

Standing with his head hung down
In a stupor, dreaming things:
Green savannas, jungles brown,
Battlefields and bellowings,
Bulls undone and lions dead
And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things: of days he spent
With his mother gaunt and lean
In the valley warm and green,
Full of baby wonderment,
Blinking out of silly eyes
At a hundred mysteries;

Dreaming over once again
How he wandered with a throng
Of bulls and cows a thousand strong,
Wandered on from plain to plain,
Up the hill and down the dale,
Always at his mother's tail;

How he lagged behind the herd,
Lagged and tottered, weak of limb,
And she turned and ran to him
Blaring at the loathly bird
Stationed always in the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming maybe of a day
When her drained and drying paps
Turned him to the sweets and saps,
Richer fountains by the way,
And she left the bull she bore
And he looked to her no more;

And his little frame grew stout,
And his little legs grew strong,

And the way was not so long;
And his little horns came out,
And he played at butting trees
And boulder-stones and tortoises,

Joined a game of knobby skulls
With the youngsters of his year,
All the other little bulls,
Learning both to bruise and bear,
Learning how to stand a shock
Like a little bull of rock.

Dreaming of a day less dim,
Dreaming of a time less far,
When the faint but certain star
Of destiny burned clear for him,
And a fierce and wild unrest
Broke the quiet of his breast.

And the gristles of his youth
Hardened in his comely pow,
And he came to righting growth,
Beat his bull and won his cow,
And flew his tail and trampled off
Past the tallest, vain enough,

And curved about in splendour full
And curved again and snuffed the airs
As who should say Come out who dares I
And all beheld a bull, a Bull,
And knew that here was surely one
That backed for no bull, fearing none.

And the leader of the herd
Looked and saw, and beat the ground,
And shook the forest with his sound,
Bellowed at the loathly bird
Stationed always in the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming, this old bull forlorn,
Surely dreaming of the hour
When he came to sultan power,
And they owned him master-horn,
Chiefest bull of all among
Bulls and cows a thousand strong.

And in all the tramping herd
Not a bull that barred his way,

Not a cow that said him nay,
Not a bull or cow that erred
In the furnace of his look
Dared a second, worse rebuke;

Not in all the forest wide,
Jungle, thicket, pasture, fen,
Not another dared him then,
Dared him and again defied;
Not a sovereign buck or boar
Came a second time for more.

Not a serpent that survived
Once the terrors of his hoof
Risked a second time reproof,
Came a second time and lived,
Not a serpent in its skin
Came again for discipline;

Not a leopard bright as flame,
Flashing fingerhooks of steel,
That a wooden tree might feel,
Met his fury once and came
For a second reprimand,
Not a leopard in the land.

Not a lion of them all
Not a lion of the hills,
Hero of a thousand kills,
Dared a second fight and fall,
Dared that ram terrific twice,
Paid a second time the price....

Pity him, this dupe of dream,
Leader of the herd again
Only in his daft old brain,
Once again the bull supreme
And bull enough to bear the part
Only in his tameless heart.

Pity him that he must wake;
Even now the swarm of flies
Blackening his bloodshot eyes
Bursts and blusters round the lake,
Scattered from the feast half-fed,
By great shadows overhead.

And the dreamer turns away
From his visionary herds

And his splendid yesterday,
Turns to meet the loathly birds
Flocking round him from the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

THE SWIMMERS

Edward Shanks

The cove's a shining plate of blue and green,
With darker belts between
The trough and crest of the slow-rising swell,
And the great rocks throw purple shadows down,
Where transient sun-sparks wink and burst and drown
And glimmering pebbles lie too deep to tell,
Hidden or shining as the shadow wavers.
And everywhere the restless sun-steeped air
Trembles and quavers,
As though it were
More saturate with light than it could bear.

Now come the swimmers from slow-dripping caves,
Where the shy fern creeps under the veined roof,
And wading out meet with glad breast the waves.
One holds aloof,
Climbing alone the reef with shrinking feet,
That scarce endure the jagged stones' dull beat
Till on the edge he poises
And flies to cleave the water, vanishing
In wreaths of white, with echoing liquid noises,
And swims beneath, a vague, distorted thing.
Now all the other swimmers leave behind
The crystal shallow and the foam-wet shore
And sliding into deeper water find
A living coolness in the lifting flood,
And through their bodies leaps the sparkling blood,
So that they feel the faint earth's drought no more.
There now they float, heads raised above the green,
White bodies cloudily seen,
Farther and farther from the brazen rock,
On which the hot air shakes, on which the tide
Fruitlessly throws with gentle, soundless shock
The cool and lagging wave. Out, out they go,
And now upon a mirrored cloud they ride
Or turning over, with soft strokes and slow,
Slide on like shadows in a tranquil sky.
Behind them, on the tall, parched cliff, the dry

And dusty grasses grow
In shallow ledges of the arid stone,
Starving for coolness and the touch of rain.
But, though to earth they must return again,
Here come the soft sea-airs to meet them, blown
Over the surface of the outer deep,
Scarce moving, staying, falling, straying, gone,
Light and delightful as the touch of sleep...
One wakes and splashes round,
And, as by magic, all the others wake
From that sea-dream, and now with rippling sound
Their rapid arms the enchanted silence break.
And now again the crystal shallows take
The gleaming bedies whose cool hour is done;
They pause upon the beach, they pause and sigh
Then vanish in the caverns one by one.

Soon the wet foot-marks on the stones are dry:
The cove sleeps on beneath the unwavering sun.

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MOEURS CONTEMPORAINES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems 1918-21*, by Ezra Pound

I

Mr. Styrax 1

Mr. Hecatomb Styrax, the owner of a large estate
and of large muscles,
A “blue” and a climber of mountains, has married
at the age of 28,
He being at that age a virgin,
The term “virgo” being made male in mediaeval latinity;
His ineptitudes
Have driven his wife from one religious excess to another.
She has abandoned the vicar
For he was lacking in vehemence;
She is now the high-priestess
Of a modern and ethical cult,
And even now Mr. Styrax
Does not believe in aesthetics.

2

His brother has taken to gipsies,
But the son-in-law of Mr. H. Styrax
Objects to perfumed cigarettes.
In the parlance of Niccolo Macchiavelli,
"Thus things proceed in their circle";
And thus the empire is maintained.

II

Clara

At sixteen she was a potential celebrity
With a distaste for caresses.
She now writes to me from a convent;
Her life is obscure and troubled;
Her second husband will not divorce her;
Her mind is, as ever, uncultivated,
And no issue presents itself.
She does not desire her children,
Or any more children.
Her ambition is vague and indefinite,
She will neither stay in, nor come out.

III

Soirée

Upon learning that the mother wrote verses,
And that the father wrote verses,
And that the youngest son was in a publisher's office,
And that the friend of the second daughter
was undergoing a novel,
The young American pilgrim
Exclaimed:
"This is a darn'd clever bunch!"

IV

Sketch 48 b. II

At the age of 27
Its home mail is still opened by its maternal parent
And its office mail may be opened by
its parent of the opposite gender.
It is an officer,
and a gentleman,

and an architect.

V

"_Nodier raconte ..._"

1

At a friend of my wife's there is a photograph,
A faded, pale, brownish photograph,
Of the times when the sleeves were large,
Silk, stiff and large above the _lacertus_,
That is, the upper arm,
And décolleté....
It is a lady,
She sits at a harp,
Playing,

And by her left foot, in a basket,
Is an infant, aged about 14 months,
The infant beams at the parent,
The parent re-beams at its offspring.
The basket is lined with satin,
There is a satin-like bow on the harp.

2

And in the home of the novelist
There is a satin-like bow on an harp.

You enter and pass hall after hall,
Conservatory follows conservatory,
Lilies lift their white symbolical cups,
Whence their symbolical pollen has been excerpted,
Near them I noticed an harp
And the blue satin ribbon,
And the copy of "Hatha Yoga"
And the neat piles of unopened, unopening books,

And she spoke to me of the monarch,
And of the purity of her soul.

VI

Stele

After years of continence

he hurled himself into a sea of six women.
Now, quenched as the brand of Meleagar,
he lies by the poluphloisboious sea-coast.

παραὰ ΘῘνα Πολοφλοίσβοιο Θαλὰσσης.

SISTE VIATOR.

VII

I Vecchii

They will come no more,
The old men with beautiful manners.

Il était comme un tout petit garçon
With his blouse full of apples
And sticking out all the way round;
Blagueur! “Con gli occhi onesti e tardi,”

And he said:
“Oh! Abelard,” as if the topic
Were much too abstruse for his comprehension,
And he talked about “the Great Mary,”
And said: “Mr. Pound is shocked at my levity,”
When it turned out he meant Mrs. Ward.

And the other was rather like my bust by Gaudier,
Or like a real Texas colonel,
He said: “Why flay dead horses?
“There was once a man called Voltaire.”

And he said they used to cheer Verdi,
In Rome, after the opera,
And the guards couldn’t stop them,

And that was an anagram for Vittorio
Emanuele Re D’ Italia,
And the guards couldn’t stop them.

Old men with beautiful manners,
Sitting in the Row of a morning;
Walking on the Chelsea Embankment.

VIII

Ritratto

And she said:
"You remember Mr. Lowell,
"He was your ambassador here?"
And I said: "That was before I arrived."
And she said:
"He stomped into my bedroom....
(By that time she had got on to Browning.)
" ... stomped into my bedroom....
"And said: 'Do I,
"'I ask you, Do I
"'Care too much for society dinners?'
"And I wouldn't say that he didn't.
"Shelley used to live in this house."

She was a very old lady,
I never saw her again.

THE TOWN BETWEEN THE HILLS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by Katherine Mansfield

The further the little girl leaped and ran,
The further she longed to be;
The white, white fields of jonquil flowers
Danced up as high as her knee
And flashed and sparkled before her eyes
Until she could hardly see.
So into the wood went she.

It was quiet in the wood,
It was solemn and grave;
A sound like a wave
Sighed in the tree-tops
And then sighed no more.
But she was brave,
And the sky showed through
A bird's-egg blue,
And she saw
A tiny path that was running away
Over the hills to--who can say?
She ran, too.
But then the path broke,
Then the path ended
And wouldn't be mended.

A little old man
Sat on the edge,
Hugging the hedge.
He had a fire
And two eggs in a pan
And a paper poke
Of pepper and salt;
So she came to a halt
To watch and admire:
Cunning and nimble was he!
“May I help, if I can, little old man?”
“Bravo!” he said,
“You may dine with me.
I’ve two old eggs
From two white hens
And a loaf from a kind ladie:
Some fresh nutmegs,
Some cutlet ends
In pink and white paper frills:
And--I’ve--got
A little hot-pot
From the town between the hills.”

He nodded his head
And made her a sign
To sit under the spray
Of a trailing vine.

But when the little girl joined her hands
And said the grace she had learned to say,
The little old man gave two dreadful squeals
And she just saw the flash of his smoking heels
As he tumbled, tumbled
With his two old eggs
From two white hens,
His loaf from a kind ladie,
The fresh nutmegs,
The cutlet-ends
In the pink and white paper frills.
And away rumbled
The little hot-pot,
So much too hot,
From the town between the hills.

1916.

OKLAHOMA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Three Stories & Ten Poems*, by Ernest Hemingway

All of the Indians are dead
(a good Indian is a dead Indian)
Or riding in motor cars—
(the oil lands, you know, they're all rich)
Smoke smarts my eyes,
Cottonwood twigs and buffalo dung
Smoke grey in the teepee—
(or is it myopic trachoma)

The prairies are long,
The moon rises,
Ponies
Drag at their pickets.
The grass has gone brown in the summer—
(or is it the hay crop failing)

Pull an arrow out:
If you break it
The wound closes.
Salt is good too
And wood ashes.
Pounding it throbs in the night—
(or is it the gonorrhea)

MY LOVES

by Langston Hughes
from The Crisis, pre-1924

I LOVE to see the big white moon,
A-shining in the sky;
I love to see the little stars,
When the shadow clouds go by.

I love the rain drops falling
On my roof-top in the night;
I love the soft wind's sighing,
Before the dawn's gray light.

I love the deepness of the blue,
In my Lord's heaven above;
But better than all these things I think,
I love my lady love.

SLAVERY

(To E. A. P.)
Rudolph Valentino
from the Internet Archive etext of *Day Dreams*, 1923

Love

I am a slave,
Yet free as birds above,

Sold into bondage
By the tender kiss of love.

Lust

I am a slave
In the rat trap of disgust,

Sold into bondage
By the lurid kiss of lust.

Hate

I am a slave
Prisoned by the walls of fate,

Sold into bondage
By the cruel kiss of hate.

Crime

I am a slave
Behind the bars of time,

Sold into bondage
By the leprous kiss of crime.

Death

I am a slave
No longer in my breath.

Given sight of freedom
Through the graciousness of death.

Still am I a slave
In the hand of destiny,

Thought alone enslaved me
And thought alone can free.

VIALS FULL OF ODOURS

Dorothy L. Sayers
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The hawthorn brave upon the green
She hath a drooping smell and sad,
But God put scent into the bean
To drive each lass unto her lad.

And woe betide the weary hour,
For my love is in Normandy,
And oh! the scent of the bean-flower
Is like a burning fire in me.

Fair fall the lusty thorn,
She hath no curses at my hand,
But would the man were never born
That sowed the bean along his land!

SINDACO DI VILLAGGIO.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Lirica*, by Annie Vivanti

Presto verrà l'oblìo. —
Io scorderò il color degli occhi tuoi,
Tu il suon della mia voce e il nome mio.

Quando vedrò mandorlo e pesco in fiore,
Un indistinto sovvenir di te
Si desterà, cantando, nel mio core.

E nell'anima tua la rimembranza
Incerta, trepidante sorgerà
Come fantasma nella lontananza,

Se risonare udrai la melodìa
Tenera e dolce che cantai per te,

O l'araba fantastica follìa

Che ieri a sera impallidir ti fè;
Si desterà, cantando, nel tuo core
Un indistinto sovvenir di me.

Segue ciascuno intanto i suoi destini:
Io torno a battagliar co' sogni miei,
Tu a viver fra le bestie e i contadini.

Io torno lieta al mio vagabondaggio
In cerca di fortuna e cielo bleu,
Co' zingari e gli uccelli di passaggio.

E tu badi all'ingrasso dei terreni,
Al buon mantenimento delle stalle,
A teste vuote e borsellini pieni.

E tu ritorni ad allevar bestiame,
A far l'amore con le contadine —
Ed io torno a sognar cose divine,

A scriver versi, ed a morir di fame

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,

With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

--From "IN MEMORIAM."

THE SOLITARY REAPER

William Wordsworth

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass,
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day,
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending.
I listened motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

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